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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

San Remo in the months of April and May is one of the most charming places in the world, and it is very nice for the delegates to meet there in Peace Conference. But what about the expense? The Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Curzon will all be conveyed there in princely style, accompanied by swarms of secretaries, and experts, and stenographers, in special trains, and will occupy hotels there for a month or six weeks at the public cost. Is this expenditure on the Peace Conference never to end? More, far more, has been spent on the Prime Minister's journeys and sojourns in France than was ever spent by Royalty in the bad old days. Until the people at the top begin to economise, it is useless to expect the nation to do so. We understand that Lord Jellicoe's trip round the world cost a cool million. What did it achieve? Then there is Sir Eric Drummond drawing £10,000 a year as Secretary of the League of Nations, and preparing for his establishment in Geneva with a big staff.

Fancy Homburg, with its beautiful park and rows of pleasant hotels and lodging-houses, being occupied by a hostile army! It must be plain that the Treaty of Versailles can only be put in force at the expense of "crack'd crowns and bloody noses too." The relative position of France and Germany is very different to what it was in 1870 and 71, when the treaties of Paris and Frankfurt were made. At Sedan the Germans captured a whole French army and the Emperor Napoleon. By February, '71, the Germans were in possession of Paris and a third of France. At the Armistice in November, 1918, German territory was untouched, no army was captured, and we failed to catch the Kaiser. All these things make the Treaty of Versailles much more difficult to enforce. In the opinion of cool judges unless the French are restrained, we shall have another war in a few years.

The newspapers, of course, make the most of the French occupation of Frankfurt, Darmstadt, and Hanau: for have we not the authority of the great "K.J." for the fact that War is the best "seller" in the world, and next to War, naturally, rumours of war? But there will be no War just yet, though the internal condition of Germany is very unsettled, not to say dangerous. The plain fact is that some seventy million of people, occupying the remains of the German Empire, are steadily, even passionately, opposed to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. How is it to be forcibly imposed? The attempt to do so might indeed lead to what was once called "a sort of a kind of a war." All the difficulties arise from a confused notion in the minds of the public and the press that the German nation has been exterminated. There is a good deal to be said for a war of extermination, which was the old fashion. The victors entered into the possession of the conquered country, enslaved the remnant of its inhabitants, and did exactly what they chose.

The War has not, however, exterminated the German nation, having, at most, killed a couple of million, and disabled perhaps as many more. So far are the victors from being able to do what they choose that they cannot even get hold of the person of the Kaiser, or any one of a long list of prisoners whom they demand for trial. They, the victors, are compelled to beg the conquered to try their own officers for crimes committed in war against the conquerors! Humiliating as all this may be, is it not wisdom to recognise facts, and to act accordingly? In other words, is it not the business of the Supreme Council of the Allies, the League of Nations, and the Reparations Commission, to come to a reasonable compromise or amendment of the Peace Treaty with the German Government? The wish of the French to squeeze the life out of Germany is natural; but it has had rope enough, and ought not to be allowed to block the way to the rehabilitation of Europe.



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One of the first subjects to occupy the attention of the Peace Conference will be, we suppose, the destiny of the Eastern Coast of the Adriatic. There are two claimants for possession, or for a mandate to govern, Italy and Serbia. We hope that, whatever powers of self-government may be given to Montenegro, Dalmatia, and Albania, the over-lordship will be entrusted to Italy, and not to Serbia. We know of nothing in the domestic history of Serbia which entitles her to govern other peoples: she must first show that she can govern herself. There is not much to choose between the races or peoples of the Balkan States: they are all quarrelsome and semi-civilised. The Italians have their faults, but they are on a higher plane of civilisation than Serbs or Bulgars or Albanians or Roumanians. Czecho-Slovaks, and Croats and Serbs and Bulgars, and Slavs of all sorts will squabble for the next century. Let them: England has troubles enough of her own without interfering in semi-barbarous quarrels in South-Eastern Europe.

Mr. H. C. Norman will proceed to Teheran on the 24th inst. as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Shah of Persia. Mr. Norman is a member of the well-known banking family, partners in Martin's, and is a bachelor in his forty-ninth year. During the first part of the war he was at Tokio, and at Paris during the Conference. He has had a varied and distinguished diplomatic career. Mr. Esmond Ovey, who did such admirable work as First Secretary at Christiania during the War, will accompany or follow Mr. Norman as Counsellor of Legation.

Will any editor, politician, or publicist, kindly explain what he or they mean by Dominion Home Rule for Ireland? In Canada and Australia (the Dominions) there is a central or federal Parliament of two chambers, with a number of provincial legislatures, some with one and some with two chambers, more or less on the model of the United States. It is proposed to give Ireland two provincial legislatures with a central council. Why is Ireland more "partitioned" than Canada with its seven or eight local parliaments? Was it not found absolutely necessary to "partition" Ontario and Quebec in 1867? And are we to ignore our Canadian experience in dealing with Ireland? It became necessary to separate Ontario from Quebec, because it was found after 27 years' experiment that a province with a Roman Catholic majority cannot work harmoniously with a province where the majority are Protestants, particularly if many of them are Presbyterians.

That is exactly the reason why the six North-Eastern Counties of Ulster are partitioned from the South and West. Barring the fact that most of the Canadian Catholics are French, the parallel between Canada and Ireland is almost perfect. Then there is the case of Australia, which has six local legislatures. Is there any grievance of "partition," because Victoria is separated from New South Wales, or Queensland from South Australia? The cry of partition is nonsense, as indeed is the idea of giving Home Rule to a country seething with anarchy and treason. One of the most insincere arguments for granting Home Rule is that, if you don't, the Act of 1914 is on the Statute Book. Can't it be repealed? It has repealed itself: we should like to see the Government that would begin to set it in operation.

The only points of superiority in the Dominion status over that of the Irish Bill are the control of the naval and military forces and the Customs and Excise. Theoretically, or rather legally, the Dominions command their fleets and armies, but as they have neither, the point is not important. No body, we suppose, is in favour of giving Ireland a navy and army of her own: indeed, she couldn't raise either, though she might enrol some sort of disorderly militia. As for the Customs and Excise, we should give them both to the Irish legislatures. No one ever accused the Irish Celt of being a fool where money is concerned; and he is not going to be such a double-distilled idiot as to cut off

the market for his agricultural produce by imposing a prohibitive tariff against British manufactures, because he knows that in no other way can his butter and eggs and cheese and meat be paid for.

Whilst the Home Rule Bill is passing through Committee in the House of Commons and through its various stages in the House of Lords, we shall be fairly drenched with Irish politics during the next six months. We shall therefore only rescue from the second reading debate two sentences from Sir Edward Carson and one from the Prime Minister which sum up the whole matter. Said Sir Edward Carson: "It is no use talking of settlement in Ireland when nobody proposes to settle"; and "What you are really going to do is to give a lever to your enemies by which they may, under the guise of constitutional law, attain results which you know in your hearts will be absolutely fatal to the whole empire." Said the Prime Minister: "I have pointed out that there is no plan acceptable to any of the British parties which is acceptable to any party in Ireland." There really is nothing more to be said on the matter. Some day the 23 Unionists who voted against the Bill will be reasonably proud of themselves.

Public Assistance is the democratic term for what our predecessors called Poor Law Relief. The modern statesman never uses such ugly words as pauper and out-door relief, like the courtly dean,

"Who never mentions Hell to ears polite."

Certainly, Out-door Relief smells sweeter under the name of Public Assistance; but Mr. Geoffrey Drage, chairman of the Denison House Committee on Public Assistance, reminds us in a letter to the *Times* that the Thing is there, and growing very costly. Mr. Drage tells us that the expenditure from rates and taxes on Public Assistance has risen from £25,800,000 (poor-law) in 1891 to £104,000,000 in 1918. In addition there are war pensions and widows' allowances, which for 1920 will amount to £123,000,000, besides what the Education and Housing Acts and the new Unemployment Insurance scheme will cost. As the rates in large provincial towns are approaching 20s. in the £, and as they are already 10s. in the £ in the West End boroughs of London, is it not obvious that this policy of everybody living on Out-door Relief must come to grief?

One reason why State Socialism must come to grief is this: When the rates reach 20s. in the £, as they shortly must do, the tenants will no longer be able to pay their rents. The owners of land and houses will therefore be ruined, unless they can succeed by the aid of lawyers in ruining their tenants. In either case the rates will not be collectible. We doubt whether people realise the extent to which we have plunged into State Socialism. The Ministry of Labour has now made itself responsible, not only for finding workers employment, but for paying them while they are out of employment. This policy is obviously of great assistance to the Trade Unions, for it relieves their funds of claims for out-of-work pay, and thereby increases the amount available for strike pay. In other words, the Legislature has deliberately increased the funds in the hands of the Labour Anarchists for the waging of civil war in England. That big stupid beast, called Society, has for the last ten years been asking wistfully: When will the revolution begin? Like the ancient ladies in the sack of Ismail, who eagerly asked: When will the ravishing begin?

Amusing and instructive is the attitude of the Ebbw Vale colliers and steelworkers towards a strike of the local doctors against the terms of an agreement made some time ago with the Workmen's Society. Strange to say that the doctors, most perversely, allege that the cost of living, owing to high prices of coal and other necessities, make it impossible for them to carry on. They therefore demand an increase of fees, and ask for 33 shillings per annum for attendance on a collier, his wife and dependents, i.e., not only children, but

parents and relatives. Really this does not seem to us an excessive fee. The colliers and steelworkers, however, were much shocked: declared that the attitude of the doctors was "unreasonable"; and themselves came out on strike to bring the doctors to reason! What is sauce for the goose of an employer does not appear to be sauce for the ganders of a trade union. The doctors seem to have compromised by agreeing to attend patients on monthly contracts. But when the brain-workers strike against the hand-workers, surely the end of the world is near.

Sir Philip Gibbs tells a story in 'Realities of War' about Sir John French and Sir Nevil Macready (whose name he misspells), which in present circumstances is doubly interesting. The retreat from Mons, described in the press as masterly and orderly, was at times a little hurried. Sir Nevil Macready, as Adjutant-General to Sir John French, occupied a chateau near to that of the Commander-in-Chief, while the G. H. Q. were scattered about in private houses. One night the Adjutant-General and Colonel Childs were writing in their room, when the Colonel, impressed by the unusual quiet outside, thought he would step over to Sir John French's quarters. He returned shortly, and interrupted Sir Nevil's work quite abruptly with: "General, the whole box of tricks have gone. We've been left behind. Forgotten!" Answered General Macready, "The dirty dogs!" Sir Nevil, Colonel Childs, the judge Advocate-General, and an orderly or two, had just time to scramble into a motor, and in their race after G. H. Q. were sniped all the way. "And weren't they sorry to see me again! They thought they had lost me for ever." So Sir Nevil tells the story. Will he tell it after dinner at the Castle?

The Irish Chief Secretaryship has been the grave of many reputations, and will be of many more. It turned Sir George Trevelyan into a prematurely old man; it killed George Wyndham; it eclipsed the gaiety of Lord Balfour. Sir Henry Duke into a gloomy martyr, only too glad to subside in the cushioned repose of the Court of Appeal. Mr. Ian Macpherson, so successful as Under Secretary for War, has failed at the Phoenix Park Lodge, not so badly as Sir Henry Duke, but a failure all the same. Probably because he is a Celt: for if it be wise to set a thief to catch a thief, it is perfectly foolish to set a Celt to rule Celts. Because they are so sentimental themselves, the Celts despise sentiment in their rulers, and they detect cant at a glance. The only person to rule the Celt is an unimaginative Lowland Scot. The best Irish Secretaries in the last half century were the brothers Balfour. Mr. Gerald Balfour was even better than his elder brother, because he was more industrious. But both were admirable Chief Secretaries, being unsentimental, and clever and strong enough to take as their motto, "Be just and fear not."

If one may judge by physical appearance, Sir Hamar Greenwood is made of sterner, at least of stouter, stuff than Mr. Macpherson. He is by birth a Canadian, and began life, so the papers tell us, as a village schoolmaster in Ontario. If that is the fact, he must have some experience of the Catholic peasant, Irish and French. He has been made a baronet and a King's Counsel, though we are not aware that he has ever practised in the Courts—but for the last ten years Canadians have divided with Welshmen the favours of the Crown. The government of Ireland is now in the hands of a remarkable triumvirate, Lord French, Sir Nevil Macready, and Sir Hamar Greenwood. Sir Nevil Macready is, of course, the strong man of the trio, having escaped the fate which he humorously declared Sir John French intended for him in the Mons retreat. How long will the triumvirate last, or be allowed by the Cabinet to last?

We published a week or two ago the budget of a professor in a Scottish University, which showed the items of his average expenditure of £1,000 a year over a period ranging from 1900 to 1920. The professor has

a wife and two grown-up children, whether male or female not stated. On "pleasure" the professor's annual expenditure is put down at £4, and on books at £45. That is to say, the professor spends 4½ per cent. of his income on books! How few people, even amongst the "high brows," could say the same! Is there any man with £2,000 a year who spends £90 a year on books? Is there any man with £5,000 a year who spends £225 on books? But the professor is also a reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW. We commend this fact to the publishers and booksellers who spend thousands on advertising in the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express*, whose readers do not spend five pounds or five shillings a year on books.

Next year will be the centenary of John Keats, and a powerful committee has been formed, with Sir Sidney Colvin as treasurer, to collect £10,000 in order to save Lawn Bank, Hampstead, where the poet lived during the two most important years of his life, from sale as "an eligible building site." It is to be hoped that all lovers of the immortal Odes and Sonnets will send donations to Sir Sidney Colvin at the Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. A cultivated Australian asked a friend of ours the other day where he could find in London the memorials to Keats and Shelley, and was much surprised to be told there were none. For one person who has read the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' and the Sonnet on Chapman's Homer there are probably nine who have heard that Keats was killed by an article in the *Quarterly Review*.

"Who killed John Keats?  
I, said the Quarterly,  
So savage and tartarly,  
I killed John Keats."

The dates are sufficient to disprove the silly story. The unfavourable critique on 'Endymion,' (the substantial justice of which Keats admitted), appeared in the autumn of 1818. In the two years following Keats wrote all his best poems, and he died of consumption, (of which his brother had died), in Rome in 1821. Byron, although he wondered in 'Don Juan' how "the soul, that fiery particle, could have been snuff'd out by an article," seems to have half believed the story. For he says, in one of his letters, that he would not like to have written the review. He then describes the effect which a sneering review of his early pieces in the *Edinburgh* had upon himself. "I drank two bottles of claret, and sat down to write 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'" Byron observes truly that before a man descends into the arena he should calculate his powers of resistance. But then Byron was a young peer, living in the bull's-eye of fashionable London, with a lordly contempt for his brethren of the pen. Poor Keats was an ostler's son, bred as a surgeon; which makes some difference.

We publish the correspondence between ourselves and the First Commissioner of Works, about the time at which the public are shut out of Kensington Gardens in summer evenings. From the letter of the 23rd March it appears that the Office of Works believe that the inhabitants of Kensington and Bayswater—for they are chiefly concerned—are so immoral that they can't be trusted in Kensington Gardens after 9 p.m. We do not believe this, and we require some better evidence of the fact than the reports of "Vigilance Society" officers, who must live, if they must not love. Kensington Gardens are too far West for the Orientals, whose notions of decency are perhaps a little lax. Besides, 9 p.m., the latest hour at which the Gardens are open from June 6 to July 16, is in reality 8 p.m.; and the dusk, which is supposed to cover the unbridled passions of Kensington and Bayswater, does not descend till two hours later. We hope that the two gallant knights—or are they baronets? who represent these most respectable boroughs in Parliament will throw in the teeth of Sir Alfred Mond this undeserved libel on their constituents.



## THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND

THE study of history, say the historians, is a necessary preparation for the practice of politics. Unfortunately Mr. Lloyd George has never had time to study anything except how to manage men and to pick their brains. If Mr. Lloyd George had studied the history of England, he would not so easily have been misled by the results of the last General Election. The study of history is, indeed, peculiarly necessary for demagogues. Without it they are at the mercy of a nation's passing moods. They have no criterion by which to judge whether the popular passion of the hour is merely of the hour, an accident of the moment, or whether it expresses something permanent and recurring in the national ethos. During the last General Election the English nation was in a thoroughly un-English temper. It was moved by passions which have never had more than a momentary hold upon Englishmen. It was ready to respond to an appeal of the hour which went clean against English tradition and was opposed to the whole course and tenor of English history. Mr. Lloyd George felt the strong wind of the moment and was carried along with it. Had he studied the character of the English people as revealed by over a thousand years of English foreign policy, and constitutional development, he would have realised that the surface passion of that time had small political reality, and he would have acted at the Paris Conference with that conviction firmly fixed in his mind. But Mr. Lloyd George had nothing firmly fixed in his mind beyond the fact that it had been easy to inflame the passions of popular audiences by references to the Kaiser, who must be hanged, and to Germany, which must be made to pay. These were treacherous facts to go upon, as any statesman grounded in the larger policy of England would have realised. In practice, they committed the British Prime Minister to the un-English policy of France, a policy which was in the long run bound to be repudiated almost at once by the English nation. Mr. Lloyd George acted upon the impulse he had received from Philip drunk. As an opportunist politician, he had almost no acquaintance with Philip sober.

English foreign policy is the result of a topographical paradox. Great Britain is an island, and its people desire above all things to remain insular. To protect their insularity, however, it has been necessary to prevent any one Great Power from commanding the coasts of Flanders and France. Hence England has had continually to embark upon Continental adventures, and has always been deeply involved in the passing problems of Continental diplomacy and strategy. All such adventures have been sorely against the grain. They have been followed by reactions towards a policy of isolation and invariably resisted by a powerful opposition. So deep is the English feeling against foreign entanglements that the Angevin kings who ruled an Empire reaching deep into France had ultimately to cut themselves loose from the Continent. No class was ever so hated in England as the Angevin noblemen, who had Continental estates, and the Angevin kings had to choose between the rôle of a feudal Emperor and an English king. That choice has presented itself again and again in many different forms to English statesmen, and the moral of the story is always the same. The English nation will adventure abroad to protect its insularity at home, but it distrusts all unnecessary foreign engagements, and is always glad of an early opportunity to retire from them.

An English statesman, trained in the English tradition, going to Paris in 1919, would have had an idea of the part to be played by England at the Peace Conference entirely different from that of Mr. Lloyd George. He would have stood aside from the unpractical effort to wring compensation out of Germany. He would have supported France and Belgium in their just claims and in the territorial partitions would have held the position, at which President Wilson aimed, of a disinterested arbiter. He would have kept continually in view the necessity of restoring Europe as soon as possible to a stable political and economic life. He

would have clearly warned the Continental powers that England could guarantee no territorial or other arrangements which were likely to require elaborate measures of enforcement. He would have insisted continually on the urgency of securing a quick settlement, and would have opposed from the first the arrangement whereby peace was delayed pending a redelimitation of all the frontiers of Europe. Towards the League of Nations his attitude would have been equally clear and dictated by precisely the same principles. He would have welcomed the League as a development of the principle of arbitration, as a means of delaying wars and of emphasising in international diplomacy the community of the interests and ideals which underlie our common civilisation. He would have been opposed to associating the League with any work in connection with the execution of the Treaty or making the League in any way responsible for temporary arrangements arising directly out of the war. He would clearly desire the League of Nations, if England was to bear an important share in its development, to be animated by the same spirit of intelligent disinterestedness which has governed English policy through the centuries. He would not desire the League to be committed from birth to a system of political entanglements and specific territorial responsibilities in some of the most difficult and dangerous regions of Europe. He would, in fact, have filled the place to which President Wilson aspired, but which President Wilson failed to fill successfully, because he lacked the necessary experience in international affairs and the necessary authority to speak for his own country.

Had Mr. Lloyd George adopted that attitude, he would to-day have had nothing at all to fear from the movement which Mr. Asquith is fostering so astutely. Mr. Asquith represents a body of English opinion which will be increasingly dangerous to Mr. Lloyd George as time goes on. He heads a movement which expresses a permanent English attitude, whereas Mr. Lloyd George never expresses anything but the mood of the moment. Doubtless Mr. Lloyd George will endeavour to protect himself by borrowing unobtrusively from his critics. But he will never undo the damage suffered by his reputation as a statesman during the Paris Conference. Thinking people begin to realise that in Paris England lost one of the fine opportunities of her history. The greatness of England was not felt on that occasion, but only the exceeding cleverness of her fatally magnetic Premier. That cleverness has put England in a difficult position, whence it will be difficult to withdraw with dignity, or even with honour. We are deeply committed on the Continent. We have had to guarantee an artificial territorial settlement which will be cursed by the generations to come. Europe has been converted into a nest of small states whose governments will be as weak as the political passions of their nationals will be strong. In Germany no stable economic life can be built upon a Treaty which in its financial and economic clauses was the result of a mere scramble for the spoils of war—a scramble in which England was, to the irremediable discredit of her representative, a conspicuous participant. Yet England will be unable to withdraw an inch without incurring the hatred of her late Allies, and laying herself open to charges of dishonour.

By a strange irony the United States, which has determined at the eleventh hour to follow the line of policy which is the traditional policy of England, is at the moment being for the very reason, abused and vilified by the vulgar and uninformed. Mr. Hoover's letter to President Wilson, on the rôle of America at the Conference, published the other day, might have been written by an English Prime Minister at almost any time. The United States has the same political instinct against foreign entanglements as England, and fortunately has less occasion to deny it scope. When, in the course of two years or so, the United States enters the League of Nations, it will enjoy the prestige of a Power which refused to be involved in the execution of an unpracticable Treaty. The United States will start within the League, as the League itself should have started, with a clean international slate. Eng-

land's international slate will by that time be pretty heavily scored, and, should the sponge in the meantime have been freely used, the result will be smudgy in the extreme.

### SOME LIES

IS an artist, whether poet, painter, historian, or dramatist, justified in departing from the truth of fact for the sake of effect? Does the ascertained falsity of a play, a picture, or a poem, interfere with our enjoyment? There are a great many lies in literature about well-known persons and events, some harmful and some beneficial, all devised for the sake of effect: and the question is whether we should let them lie where they are; or whether for the sake of truth we should expel or expose them. Is there a literary as distinct from a literal truth?

Two of the most famous lies relate to the last hours of Nelson. Everyone knows that the real signal at Trafalgar which he ordered was, "Nelson expects every man to do his duty." The other lie is about the coat he wore on his quarter-deck. He is reported to have silenced the affectionate importunity of his officers, entreating him to conceal the stars on his breast, by saying, "In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them." This is the Great Style, but it is untrue. Dr. Arnold heard the facts from Sir Thomas Hardy. Nelson wore on the day of battle the same coat which he had worn for weeks, having the Order of the Bath embroidered upon it; and when his friend expressed some apprehension of the badge, he answered that he was aware of the danger, but that it was "too late then to shift his coat." The fabricated saying is magnificent: why destroy it?

A painter's lie is Copley's celebrated picture of the Death of the Earl of Chatham, which hangs in the gallery of the House of Lords. This picture represents Lord Chatham in the old chamber of the Lords fallen back in the arms of two persons, with a startled and anxious crowd of peers in the background. As the subscribed legend is the Death of the Earl of Chatham, the spectator is given to understand that Chatham died in the House of Lords, a dramatic event. The truth, of course, is that Lord Chatham had a fainting fit in the middle of his last speech: that he was carried out by his son and son-in-law, and taken to his house in Kent, where he died some three weeks later. The prosaic truth would have destroyed Copley's picture.

There is an excellent myth about Chatham's famous son. During Pitt's last Government, in 1805, the Whigs moved a resolution for the impeachment of Lord Melville (Dundas), the Premier's most intimate friend, for malversation of Naval monies. The tellers announcing 216 Ayes and 216 Noes, Speaker Abbot (afterwards Lord Colchester) turned deadly pale, and after sitting for some minutes in silence gave his casting vote in favour of impeachment. Lord Fitzharris (afterwards Malmesbury) is responsible for the story that Pitt jammed his little cocked hat deeply over his forehead, and shed tears. "We had overheard one or two, such as Colonel Wardle (of notorious memory) say they would see 'how Billy Pitt looked after it.' A few young ardent followers of Pitt, with myself, locked their arms together and formed a circle, in which he moved, I believe unconsciously, out of the House, and neither the Colonel nor his friends could approach him." Thus Fitzharris, who was sitting on the Treasury bench. Then there appears a confounded precisian, a barrister, Mr. Lovat Fraser, who proves by the journals that Pitt never left the House at all; that he was on his legs moving an amendment when strangers entered after the division; that he spoke three times on his amendment; and that Colonel Wardle was not elected to Parliament until two years later. What should be done to these story-spoilers? Or to the imaginative Fitzharris?

The most closely packed lie in all literature is Pope's celebrated description of the death of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham.

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,  
The floors of plaster and the walls of dung,  
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,  
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,  
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
Great Villiers lies!  
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
And fame, the lord of useless thousands ends."

The moral intended is plain; but there is hardly a line that is not a lie. The second Duke of Buckingham married the daughter of Lord Fairfax, a great heiress. Although he had been personally extravagant, it is computed, on the authority of the 'Fairfax Papers,' that at the time of his death his income was about £60,000, which made him the richest man in England, probably in Europe. He had a fall when hunting in Yorkshire, near Marston Moor. It is not known whether the fall caused a vital injury, or whether by sitting on the ground after his tumble the Duke caught cold, which to a man of his habits would probably be fatal. A duke, who hunted in his Star and Garter and who had been Lord Lieutenant of the Riding, would be accompanied by a crowd of retainers, grooms, whips and footmen, to say nothing of his friends in the hunt. He was carried to the nearest house, which happened to be an inn on his own property, and died in three days. Pope's description would not suit a Yorkshire inn even in the time of James II; and why the ducal landlord should be given "the worst room" in his own house is a puzzle. Pope was born in the year the Duke died; so that he must have known the facts. But he wanted to draw a striking picture of an extravagant nobleman's end as a pauper in a hovel, which he could do with impunity, as the Duke left no successor. As a piece of savage satire there is nothing to beat it in Juvenal.

Macaulay, Carlyle, and Froude are classed as picturesque historians, and meticulous critics assert that they never hesitated to slur or twist a detail for the sake of effect. Horace Walpole whitewashed Richard III, and declared that Shakespeare had caricatured him. Mr. H. B. Irving tried hard to whitewash Judge Jeffreys, and to prove that Macaulay's portrait was unfair. But when the Revolution came, Jeffreys was obliged to hide himself disguised as a sailor in a Wapping public-house, and when recognised, had to be rescued from the mob, who wanted to kill him. This scene we have on the authority of the Norths, and it confirms Macaulay's judgment, for English mobs are not angry with severe judges, if they are just. And what are we to say to Froude's picture of Elizabeth? Froude tells us that Elizabeth was a liar, a murderess, a miser, only wanting courage to be a harlot, who left the sailors of her fleet, when the Armada was in the channel, without clothes and without pay, and gave them colic by forcing them to drink the sour beer of a Dartford brewery in which she was a shareholder! The historian selects his own material from the heap, and who can check him, or give him the lie?

The sum of the matter seems to be this: The poet, the dramatist, and the painter are chartered libertines. They have their licence to suppress, or distort, or invent details, within limits, for the sake of effect; within limits, because, if the falsehood is too glaring, the effect is spoiled. From the historian, who professes to recite facts, we expect much greater accuracy of detail: though remembering the worthlessness of most human testimony, verbal or written, we must not forbid him to use his own judgment, if only he will give us the opportunity of using ours.

### THE ORIFLAMMES AND GONFALONS OF FRENCH CHIVALRY

THE banners and gonfalons, or military standards, of chivalry present a variety of very curious emblems, some being borrowed from religious cults. The Israelites, for instance, had for their ensign an ox's head flanked by wings, like the cherubim, a symbol of



strength united with swiftness; the Persians, worshippers of the holy fire, embroidered upon their sacred banner an image of an eagle darting towards the sun; the sphinx was the ensign of the Thebans; the owl of Pallas led the Athenians to battle, and the Goths and Vandals who overran the Roman Empire used to bear in front of each squadron a dragon made of linen cloth attached to the end of a lance; when the innumerable cavalry of these nations advanced at full gallop to the charge, the wind inflated these dragons, and they seemed to become animated, and to dart hissing upon the enemy, like living serpents, whence the prophetic words of an old poet of the time of Clovis: "*Proteret aquilam leo serpente collisam*": the Roman eagle may strive with the Visigothic serpent, but the Frankish lion will destroy them both.

To-day the dragon is the symbol of happiness and sovereign power among the Chinese, and may be a legacy bequeathed to them by these barbarians.

Of all the military banners in the annals of French chivalry, the Oriflamme of Saint Denis is the most interesting: the Oriflamme, or Auriflamme, as its name implies, was a gilded standard, *Aurea flamma*, its form, materials and ornaments being varied according to the tastes of the age. A thirteenth century poet describes it in the following verse:—

"*Oriflamme est une bannière,  
Aucune foi plus forte plus guimpe,  
De cendal roujoyant et simple  
Sans pourtraicture et d'autre affaire.*"

From this we may conclude that the Oriflamme bore the shape of a little cope, not very different from the wimple worn by nuns; *cendal*, or *zendalo*, is a Byzantine word which has passed from Constantinople to Venice, where it still signifies a sort of veil, and it denotes the kind of silk-cloth of which they are made. The Oriflamme had three pendants or tails, and was adorned with green tufts, without gold fringe, although the contrary has been asserted; it was attached to a brass or gilded lance, known as *le glaive de l'Oriflamme*.

In all probability this ensign was an imitation of those borne by the Roman Emperors. It may even have been captured by Clovis from Syagrius, the Roman king of Soissons; but a sacred legend obtained belief that it fell from Heaven when Clovis embraced Christianity; another, and less ancient, tradition relates that the Oriflamme was the gonfalon of the Abbey of Saint Denis, borne in processions in honour of that saint and in battles in defence of the Abbey's property and privileges by the Counts of Vexin, its official protectors; it used to be taken from the shrine of the holy martyr previous to setting out on a military expedition and, on the conclusion of the campaign, returned again with the greatest pomp and ceremony. When, under Philippe the First, the duty of defending the Abbey was transferred to the Crown, the title of Protector was united to that of the King of France, who contracted to carry out the same engagements towards the Abbey of Saint Denis, becoming thereby its feudatory. But his royal quality gave the monarch dispensation from doing homage.

Custom prescribed that, before his departure for war, the sovereign should receive the sacred banner from the hands of the abbot, both kneeling at the same time, without hood or girdle, after having previously attended High Mass at the churches of Notre Dame and Saint Denis. Sometimes the King wore the Oriflamme suspended round his neck; at other times it was borne aloft on a lance.

The Oriflamme is particularly celebrated in French history as animating and inspiring the troops by whom it was held sacred; it was originally displayed as a sign that their sovereign commanded them in person in the field; it led them to victory, or served, after defeat, as a rallying point for those whom a victorious enemy might seek to overwhelm.

Louis the Sixth, Le Gros, was the first king who is positively mentioned in French annals as having taken the Oriflamme from the shrine of Saint Denis, the occasion being the invasion of France by Henry the Fifth, Emperor of Germany. The Oriflamme was displayed

again by Philippe-Auguste at Bouvines and by the chivalrous, but unfortunate, Jean Le Bon at Poitiers. It is related that it disappeared in 1381 after the Battle of Rosbec in Flanders, where it was borne by Pierre de Villers; but it must have been recovered, for it was last carried by Guillaume Martel, who was charged with the defence of the Oriflamme against the English in 1414; he was slain the following year at Agincourt, where, it is said, the sacred banner appeared for the last time: it is worthy of note that the sovereign was not then present. A manuscript chronicle describes how Louis the Eleventh took the Oriflamme from the shrine of Saint Denis and displayed it in 1465, but historians of that period are silent on this subject. Two inventories of the treasure of the Abbey of Saint Denis, written in the years 1534 and 1594, give the following description of the Oriflamme:—

"A standard of very thick veiling (*cendal*) divided in the middle in the form of a gonfalon, or banner, very much decayed, wrapped round a staff mounted with brass and having a long, iron, spear-point."

The more ancient tradition, which bestows the Oriflamme on Clovis, claims that it was consecrated to service against what modern churchmen would term the heathen; its functions were essentially sacred and royal; it would be correct, for instance, to give the general name of Oriflamme to the cope of Saint Martin of Tours, used as a gonfalon by Charles Martel in his great victory over Abderame, but not to other, less sacred, military standards borne in battle by the great French barons.

The origin of the banner of the ancient house of Montmorency, which gave to the French army six Constables and eleven Marshals of France, has been carefully recorded by historians: it was originally composed of a red (gules) full cross on a golden (or) field; the cross being to commemorate the legend that a Montmorency was the first of the Frankish barons, who, showing themselves alike prepared to follow their heroic leader to the field of battle or to the baptismal font, embraced Christianity with Clovis in the cathedral of Reims.

In memory of the prowess of Bouchard de Montmorency, who, on the defeat of Otho the Second, Emperor of Germany, at the passage of the Aisne near Soissons in 974, captured four standards, or Imperial eagles, from the enemy with his own hand, Lothaire ordered the cross of the ancient banner of Montmorency to be adorned with four eagles, one in each quarter.

By a singular coincidence, when Otho IV. entered Flanders at the head of an army of 150,000 men in 1214, Matthieu de Montmorency contributed to the bloody defeat inflicted upon the German Emperor by Philippe-Auguste; himself capturing twelve standards or Imperial eagles, and these additional eagles, by orders of the French King, were added to the trophies won by Bouchard.

To-day, at Chantilly, the sixteen eagles can still be seen graven in stone upon the shield of old Constable Anne, who built the castle, and they have given their name to the well-known ride, Les Aigles, which traverses the glades of the beautiful forest.

## ON SOME RECENT PLAYS.

IF we might add to the formidable list of things within the capacity of Macaulay's schoolboy, we would suggest the writing of popular plays for the British theatre. There are two ways of writing a good play. You may be a genius, in which case you may be as young as you please, and have almost no actual experience of the world. This method, however, is only to be recommended about once in three hundred years. Or you may be a man of middle age with a mature knowledge of men and women and the capacity to make use of your powers of observation for dramatic purposes. This method takes time and is too seldom used, a fact which accounts for the perpetual dearth of dramatic masterpieces. In default of both of these methods, we fall back upon a third, which requires neither genius nor worldly maturity, and which lies, as

already suggested, within the compass of any school-boy. It consists in writing plays, not from life, which is only to be painfully conned and mastered, but from other plays and from a study of the prevailing theatrical types of the moment. Like chess or cricket, this is a game which can be played as well at twenty as at fifty. It supposes a capacity to understand and the ability to apply a set of rules. You may be good or bad at the business; but, if you take the trouble, you can hardly fail to put up a tolerably good game now and then. Here you have a sufficient explanation why everybody writes plays, why very few of them ever get performed, and why nobody takes the theatre seriously.

Take, for example, the present state of the theatre. If the dramatists took their plays from life the drama should now be flourishing. Was there ever a time which seemed more provocative of good plays? Society is at sixes and sevens; existence bristles with dramatic problems; comedies and tragedies are at the elbow of every potential dramatist, clamouring only to be observed and recorded. Yet we have never had so barren a period in our theatres. Far from being inspired by their opportunities to write plays from life, the popular playwrights have for the last six years been virtually paralysed because life has been too urgent and disconcerting to allow room for public interest in a drama which is no more than a game of skill. The writing of popular plays has been suspended for much the same reason that the 'Varsity boat-race was suspended; and, now that the managers want to start the game anew, they are faced with the same difficulties which confronted the 'Varsity coaches. There has been a break in the tradition. It is true that some of the old practitioners are dubiously trying to fill the breach, but the difficulty of reviving public interest in the game is considerable. In a reasonable world the remedy would seem to be obvious: namely to abandon the old professional game and have recourse to one of the two original methods of playwriting. Either we must find a genius (which would be a stroke of luck), or we must induce the people who have some experience of life and some skill in portraying it to turn their serious attention to the theatre, and remove the drama once for all from the number of things lying within the capacity of Macaulay's schoolboy.

For the moment, however, the managers are bent upon somehow reviving an interest in the professional game. Plays which present no more than the most elementary gambits of the older practitioners, are being produced one after another with a bewildering rapidity. The types which prevailed before the war are in these plays revived with an ingenuous effrontery which almost baffles belief. The old practitioners were always careful to give to their conventional figures the dress and speech of their contemporary day. It was part of the ancient game to pretend that its puppets were from contemporary life. Consider, for example, Mr. Sutro's strong Englishman at Wyndham's. He is a conventional figure of the theatre; but, how skilfully is he fitted with the Mallaby-Deeleys of the post-war period! The new practitioners have no such art whereby to conceal their artifice. Falling into the conventional attitude of the game, they are unable to wear their rules with a difference. Their plays have upon us the effect of a game of cricket played in top-hats according to the drawings of Leech.

A crowning instance of this may perhaps be sought in 'The Fold,' a comedy by Lady Townshend now running at the Queen's Theatre. Lady Townshend presents us with the kind of suburban interior which had a great vogue on the stage some twenty or thirty years ago, when it was the way of bright young people to make fun of respectability, to ridicule the puritan severities of the middle class (largely a myth invented to spite the eminent Victorians), and to make duty seem rather a silly business. Lady Townshend solemnly takes this suburban interior for the subject of a play to-day, and does not even trouble to make it look contemporary. Perhaps she really thinks that suburbia is like that, having taken her view of life, as so many others do, not from what she sees, but from what other

people saw or thought they saw many years ago. Whatever she may think as a woman of the world, as a playwright, she is simply playing a conventional game according to the Houghton-Wilde-Shaw gambit. It is a gambit which requires her to satirise respectability at a time when the whole idea of respectability has become almost a legend. The heart of suburbia to-day lies not in the conventicle, but in the *thé dansant* and the picture house. Lady Townshend also introduces us, for contrast, to Mount Street. Here, again, she gives us nothing but formula, a formula less amusing because here she is less happily inspired by her models. 'The Fold' is typical of all the plays whereby the managers are now trying to tempt the old playgoing public back into the theatre. At the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Henry Ainley and Mr. Randle Ayrton appear in a play of the period of Sydney Grundy, played according to the Grundy rules, but without any of Grundy's skill. At the Savoy the Stage Irishman of the period of Charles Lever is presented in the guise of a sentimental hoyden. The list could be continued indefinitely.

'The Young Person in Pink,' by Miss Gertrude Jennings, is not altogether of the conventional type. It is true that much of it is in the conventional idiom of fantastic comedy; but there are touches here and there of independent observation. Miss Jennings plays the game with skill and an individual style of her own. For interpreters she has Miss Fairbrother, a mistress of low comedy, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys, one of the few actresses with a real gift for comedy of the highest order.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE OPENING OF KENSINGTON GARDENS.

We print below a recent letter to H.M. Office of Works, concerning the opening of Kensington Gardens, and the official reply:—

To the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P.,  
Office of Works.

Sir,—

Now that summer time is approaching, may I call your attention to what seems to be a public grievance? Kensington Gardens are now open from 5 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Last year I noticed that the time of closing was not altered to correspond to summer time. May I ask why the public should be deprived of the enjoyment of Kensington Gardens in summer evenings? It is the only time that men and women who work in the day can enjoy the glorious trees and walks. Why should the Gardens not be open till 10 at night? I suppose that the answer is that from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m. would be too long hours for the attendants, who after sauntering through the day, in one of the easiest and pleasanter occupations in the world, are in a great hurry to get home. But if that is the reason, surely there could be shifts or relays of attendants—it would be just the employment for disabled soldiers or sailors. Nor is there the least necessity for opening the Gardens at 5 a.m. Who walks in the Gardens at 5 a.m.? There may be one or two workmen who wish to walk across the Gardens to their work, though I doubt if any workmen get up as early as that nowadays. If there be a few such, it is preposterous that the enjoyment of the much larger section of the public who want to use the Gardens in the evening should be sacrificed. Besides, these workmen (who are mythical) could go through the Park. Cut off two hours in the morning, open the Gardens at 7 a.m., and add on three hours at the other end, closing at 9 or 10, by the summer, not the winter, clock.

I am, Sir,  
With great respect, yours faithfully,  
ARTHUR A. BAUMANN,

H.M. Office of Works,  
Westminster, S.W.1

My Dear Sir,—

With further reference to your letter of the 15th instant, concerning the times of opening and closing

Kensington Gardens to the public, I am requested by Sir Alfred Mond to inform you that the Royal Parks for many years have been, and still are closed at dusk, quite irrespective of the time by the clock.

There are obvious reasons why the Parks should not be open after dark. The difficulties of this Department in dealing with the question of immorality are very great and complaints are constantly being received from Vigilance Societies and others. These difficulties would, of course, be very much greater if the Parks were kept open any later than at present.

I am to enclose for your information the actual opening and closing times of Kensington Gardens. With these explanations Sir Alfred thinks that you will perhaps agree that the times of opening and closing are the most suitable in the circumstances, and I am to add that after careful consideration he thinks it would be very difficult to alter them with advantage.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY RUSSELL.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW,  
10, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

[We deal with this question in our Notes this week.—ED. S.R.]

#### DORA NOT DEAD.

SIR,—I am one of the new poor. It was not ever thus—but no matter.

I am also a householder and the owner of a small cellar. During the war "rigid economy" was practised in my establishment in the way of drinks—but—nevertheless the time arrived when I came to the end of my modest supply of claret. A few days ago upon writing to a well-known wine merchant for a fresh instalment, I was met by some little delay—perhaps from a feeling of delicacy—but upon my pressing for delivery of my "order," I was informed, that owing to some regulation passed *during the war*—the wine merchant was prohibited from supplying my needs, unless I first forwarded him my cheque!

Now this appears to me to be a gross interference with the liberty of the subject, we hear so much about and as the war is now—thank goodness—long since over—I am unable to perceive the utility, if there was ever any, of such interference in the private affairs of a loyal taxpayer.

We have, it seems to me, too many "masters."

I may add that, although I am "struggling," I am not yet in the Bankruptcy Court, and that I have since the war ended, received from my "tailor" raiment, and boots from my "shoemakers," in the ordinary manner. The accounts for these have in due course been settled without outside interference.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth—no doubt. But is it not time that we reverted to the customs of our former sanity? I wonder.

"IN VINO VERITAS."

[That moribund vixen Dora requires our correspondent to pay beforehand for his wine and spirits in the hope that his banking account has been so depleted by taxation that he will go "dry" without more ado. Boots and shoes, Dora opines, may be ordered on tick because they will not unduly elate him, but may even have a sobering effect, if he finds, as most of us do, that he has been "scanted in his sizes."—ED. S.R.]

#### ITALY FOR THE ENGLISH.

SIR,—While thanking you for your courteous appreciation of my call to the new poor, I venture to disagree with your thought that the Venetians differ from the Italians in their attitude towards us. I spent half the winter on the Italian Riviera, and was not only fed like a fighting-cock for next to nothing, but treated as an old friend by perfect strangers. Never did I hear a cross word. Indeed, people were prepared to pick quarrels for me without pretext merely because I was English. All were ready to walk miles out of their way to show me the road. In one place a dozen men gathered round my table after dinner and insisted on giving me their personal introductions to friends in

other towns. At Genoa and Milan (which has 11 Socialist deputies out of 20) the same spirit prevailed. During the war I visited every corner of Italy, and met with nothing but kindness.

You say that the Province of Genoa, which extends beyond Spezia as far as Carrara, is "ferociously" Socialist, but the recent elections gave 6 official Socialists, 4 Clericals, 5 moderate Liberals, 1 moderate Socialist and 1 Republican. I have not found many Italians taking Socialism seriously. The cry is now all for *Co-operative*, profit-sharing guilds on individualist lines, aiming at the elimination of the poor instead of a war against the rich.

This hotel is a few yards away from St. Mark's Square, just out of the Merceria, and was noted for its excellent kitchen when I was here some 30 years ago. You quote the equivalents of the Ritz, Savoy, Carlton, etc. This is the equivalent of Brown's or Buckland's. Bauer's Hotel, being German, has been closed since the war.

I have given away the name of my gastronomic paradise, because I hope to go on soon to Fiume in order to explain to Signor d'Annunzio what England thinks of the murderous Jugo-Slavs.

Hotel Vapore, Venice.

HERBERT VIVIAN.

#### JAPAN'S WATCHFUL EYE.

SIR,—*"Hara-Kiri"* does not mean suicide in the ordinary sense, but literally denotes "belly-cutting," the very painful form of self-despatch adopted by the Samurai to show in the most deliberate manner that he desired to expiate some stain on the honour of himself, his family, his lord, or his nation. The more polite expression "*seppuku*" derives from the same ideographs, and means the same thing. Your correspondent "*Once Bit, Twice Shy*," uses the word, misspelt at that, in a singularly inappropriate context in his letter in the current issue.

Regarding Mr. Ryder's letter, which bristles with controversial matter without shedding much light on the questions adumbrated, permit me to say that Asia is by no means a unit. To speak of Chinese and Japanese in the same category, is as illuminating as, e.g., to speak of Hottentots and London street Arabs. Certainly the Japanese cannot be included among "the toiling millions who live on a shilling a day." Neither is their "Imperialism" affected by the downfall of Germany and Russia, unless to be strengthened by their disgust at the disloyalty and crime which have followed these "revolutions."

Having recently returned from Japan, I may assure your correspondent that the Japanese are keeping a very watchful eye on the general situation in the Far East. Our Japanese Allies live in too close proximity to their neighbours of the chaotic so-called "Republic" of China and of the Bolshevik-ridden lands of Siberia to wish to follow either of these modes of "government." By their geographical position the Japanese are the most favourably situated for the safeguarding of civilisation from the encroachments of Bolshevism in Eastern Asia. What they have already done in this regard, and what they may do in the future, cannot be set forth here, but it may be stated with confidence that they will ever be loyal to their Emperor and scrupulously honourable in the fulfilment of their Treaty obligations.

TOMASU.

#### "THE UGLY FACT."

SIR,—In your Notes of the Week for 6th March, you say: "The terrible danger in Ireland, and in truth everywhere at this moment, is that *the troops cannot be depended on*. Nobody will obey orders, discipline is openly defied, and English and Scotch soldiers will not fire on Sinn Feiners unless provoked by the murder of their own comrades. That is the ugly fact." It is also, if I may be allowed as an old soldier to say so, a very ugly indictment, so much so, indeed, that it has been worth enquiring into on the spot, and this is the result, on high military authority:—"The soldiers in Dublin are all for dealing drastically with the rebels. When fifty volunteers for a raid are called for, some



seventy-five always manage to squeeze on to parade, no matter what the hour is." This differs so materially from your own information, whencesoever derived, that I make no doubt your readers at least will be glad to hear the other side. To be sure, it only refers in this case directly to the Dublin district; but, in face of such a refutation there, it is only due to the men concerned, to ask a simple question of you—Where and when have English and Scotch soldiers refused when ordered to fire on Sinn Feiners?

MORRIS BENI.

[Our correspondent contradicts something we did not say. We do not make statements without information, the sources of which for obvious reasons we cannot give. We are not going into the witness-box to please anybody.—ED. S.R.]

#### THE WALLACE WILL CASE.

SIR,—In your Note last week I think you were a little unjust to the Court of Appeal, and, if I may say so, you do not appear to have rightly apprehended the effect of the will. Captain Wallace, the surviving of the testator's two sons, will get the income of the £250,000, during his life in any event. It was with the reversion of the corpus that the will dealt in so surprising and, as you truly say, so snobbish a manner. The testator makes a cheap flourish of democratic sentiment, which he immediately contradicts by an aristocratic proviso. "My money," he says in effect, "I made out of the peoples of Britain and India: therefore to them (the peoples) I return it at my death, unless my son obtains an hereditary title, in which case he, and not the peoples, shall have the money!" Somebody said recently to a judge of the P. D. and A. division, "You must see a terrible lot of the seamy side of human nature in the Divorce Court." "O, it's nothing to what I see in the Probate Court," was the answer. Truly in their wills the vulgarity or nobility, the shabbiness or generosity, of men and women is really revealed.

A. B. C.

[Our correspondent is right: we were misled by a condensed report of the case. Although the Court of Appeal's judgment was not quite so unjust or foolish as we supposed, we are unable to distinguish between this case and that of Egerton v. Earl Brownlow. If it be *contra bonos mores* to make a bequest dependent on the legatee's becoming a marquess or a duke, why is it not so to make a reversion dependent on his becoming a baronet? The point about the exercise of political functions is not a strong one, because the political power of an ordinary peer is practically negligible.—ED. S.R.]

#### THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER.

SIR,—What is the use of arguing about the religious influence of Catholic Ireland, when murders are common, and are done in the open light of day, and no one is arrested? A resident magistrate in Dublin is torn off a public conveyance and shot to death in the presence of several witnesses, and the inquest reveals no single one of the band of murderers. The absence of conviction for these outrages shows that a large number of people (1) have agreed to do them, or (2) have been terrorised into condoning them. The country is in a state of savagery, which is a disgrace to the Roman Catholic priests and their influence. How do murder and religion go together? The murdering blackguards of Ireland are some way below the level of that decent civilisation which does not pretend to be Christian.

It is a pleasing thought that their pockets—they appear to have no consciences—will suffer; for I observe that decent people are clearing pretty fast out of Ireland, and do not suppose that the blarney of all Kiltarney will move many tourists in that direction, or to visit other beauty spots where "only man is vile."

And the remedy, says *The Irish Statesman*, "is in liberty." Liberty for thieves, murderers, and cowards, and more chances for crazy intellectuals to write up the "romance" of murder!

ENGLISHMAN.

## REVIEWS

### A BITTER BOOK.

Realities of War. By Philip Gibbs. Heinemann. 15s. net.

WE cannot honestly recommend anyone to read this book just now, valuable and interesting though it may be to the next and succeeding generations. Power of graphic description Sir Philip Gibbs undoubtedly has; but his bitterness of spirit and his emotional worship of youth are not moods to be prolonged at the present hour. We were struck by the remark of a *Times* critic on a film the other day, that we are much too near the war to get the right perspective, and that we had better stop writing and reading and thinking about it. Thirty years hence the sons of the men who fought will no doubt devour Sir Philip Gibbs's account of what their fathers suffered and achieved. Sixty or a hundred years hence the third and fourth generations may study this volume as Carlyle studied the pamphlets and newspapers of the French Revolution, or as many of us now read Hazlitt and Cobbett about Waterloo days. But not now, not now.

War always has been, and always must be, a very horrible business, a hellish compound of blood and mud and brutality, relieved by acts of individual heroism. Sir Philip seems to think that the slaughter was unusually heavy: it was so for a modern war; but it was nothing compared to the wars of Romans and Persians and Carthaginians and Tartars, in which whole nations were literally exterminated. Modern science, with its poison-gas and long-range guns and aeroplanes, increased the power of killing quickly, which in its way was an advantage. Four years seemed long to us: but what is that period compared to the Hundred Years War, the Thirty Years War, and the Twenty Years War with Napoleon? And there were numerous "set-offs" against the misery of trench-work and the destructiveness of modern shells. Never before in war were troops so well-fed and so well clothed: never before did they get such splendid surgical and hospital treatment. If modern science helped to kill, it also helped to save; and you have only to compare the treatment of the wounded in this war with the story of the Scutari hospitals in the Crimean War to realise what advances have been made by surgery and anaesthetics. Never before have the widows of the killed and the survivors been so generously treated by their countrymen.

It didn't suit Sir Philip Gibbs to remember, or at least to mention, these things. His purpose was to write a sensational book, which should stir up anger against the old men who planned and handled the war, and should excite such horror of war as to ensure future peace. The first object we regard as mischievous; the second as unattainable. Politics and war, which are different compartments of the machinery of government, must always be directed by old or elderly men, because experience is the fruit of time; and what ever Sir Philip may say, those who must be directed by somebody prefer experience to inexperience. A politician who has been twenty years in the House of Commons will guide those who have just been elected. A general who has been through ten campaigns, however small, will be more competent to give orders than one who has been through none. Granted that the supports were not forthcoming at the battle of Loos, and that the consequence was fiasco. Granted that, after the collapse of Russia, there was a useless sacrifice of our men in 1917 by aimless attacks. The German generals, who had been studying war for forty years, made just as big mistakes as the British, and the result of blunders in war is loss of life. What comes of employing young and inexperienced generals was painfully demonstrated in the American Army. How many lives the Americans lost by bad staffing we probably shall never know: their proportionate losses were heavier than those of any other army; and at the end the troops were obliged to eat their horses.

Therefore it is that all Sir Philip Gibbs's flouts and gibes at "bald-headed vultures," and his sneering pictures of generals and smartly dressed young staff officers luxuriating in warm and quiet quarters behind the lines, seem to us puerile and vulgar clap-trap. Amongst battalion officers this sort of talk is natural, and therefore pardonable, if unreasonable. But in an experienced war-correspondent of the standing of Sir Philip Gibbs it is reprehensible, as tending to fan the flame of discontent and insubordination that are the dangers of the day. Genius, we admit, is superior to experience; but no military genius emerged in any of the armies, either because he wasn't there, or because modern warfare cannot be controlled by an individual. Sir Philip is, we imagine, on the wrong side of fifty; what sort of mouth would he make if some Fleet Street reporter, fresh from a grammar-school, were to say to him, "Go up, thou bald-head! Thou canst not write for nuts: make way for the young"? Yet that is practically his suggested address to the generals and their staffs from the battalion officers.

If Sir Philip Gibbs thinks that his passionate denunciation of statesmen who make wars, and his minute description of their beastliness, are going to prevent future war, we assure him that he is mistaken. All these things have been said before, and as well said. So long as political power and women and money exist, men will fight for them. We need not look farther than this tight little island for proof of this assertion. No sooner had Englishmen and Scotsmen and Welshmen returned from fighting with Germans than they fell to and fought with one another, over the eternal questions of money and food. We haven't come to bloodshed yet, but we are nearing it, and books like this, stirring up anger against those in authority, force the pace.

On two points we agree with Sir Philip Gibbs. We agree with him that the spectacle of London during the war, the gluttony, the dressing and jigging and jacking, the flappers and the profiteers, formed a sickening combination. But we don't know that the Tommies home on leave thought so. A reflective, educated man, who was going back to the front, must have been saddened by the sight. But wouldn't the ordinary Tommy have been much more depressed if he had found us all pulling long faces and sitting within doors? The other point of agreement we find is in regard to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. Unless that treaty is practically abrogated, its certain effect will be to hasten a war of revenge. If it stands, it is almost sure that Germany and Russia, and probably the Far East, India, China, and Japan, will begin a great war against the Western Powers, France, England, and America. That calamity might have been avoided, if we had been wise enough to attach Germany to the side of Western Civilisation by a generous peace. But France and England are democracies; and Messrs. Clemenceau and George had to placate their mobs with a vindictive treaty; and so the wool was pulled over the eyes of Mr. Wilson.

One word in closing this unpleasant book. Had the British armies been composed of Philip Gibbises, Germany would have won the war. German sentries would be on guard at Buckingham Palace; and British miners and dockers would have been working twelve hours for sixpence a day, while *Unteroffizieren* would be correcting with bayonet progs the uneconomic practice of ca'canny.

#### A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

Seneca. By Francis Holland. Longmans. 10s. net.

WE welcome with unusual pleasure Mr. Holland's monograph, an oasis in a wilderness of school editions and disputations which appeal to specialists and grammarians. If we had more such books, the classics would stand on a firmer footing of human interest, instead of appearing to exist chiefly for the purpose of adding to the incomes of publishers, dons,

and schoolmasters. Mr. Holland has little hope of publishing his translation of Seneca's letters, and so has published this survey, meant as an introduction to them, separately. We hope that after all the letters may appear. Meanwhile, the memoir should be read, as well as the brief account added at the end of that virtuoso in leisure and letters, Maecenas.

Seneca came of a family well provided with brains, including a father famous for rhetorical disputations; a brother of exceptional charm, the Gallio who refused to interfere between the Jews and St. Paul; and a nephew, Lucan, whose epigrams in verse are not yet forgotten. The history of the period forms an effective background, and what a history it is in the wonderful narrative of Tacitus! Born under Tiberius, Seneca was too young to be much affected by that enigmatic figure, but he had to tolerate the rule of three other disturbing, if not disgusting, emperors, and if his life was not equal to his precepts, he certainly made a good end of it. He contradicted himself, but most philosophers do; he was too rich to be agreeable to the moralist, and too cautious to please the mind which prefers—on paper at least—the martyr's rôle. The comparison between him and Bacon is obvious; but going deeper than that, we may prefer Seneca, because he had a pretty sense of humour, and a way of gently deriding himself and his friends of which Bacon was quite incapable. To the classic conservatism of Quintilian he seemed to be a little casual in philosophy, but a philosopher who could not only be excessively clever, but also excessively frank about his own little failings has a special claim on readers. This human touch is lacking in Marcus Aurelius, who, says Renan, understood nothing perfectly but duty. Marcus could never have written the little story of the Pythagorean, which we add by way of illustration of a side of Seneca on which Mr. Holland has not said much. The Pythagorean, going to a cobbler's shop to pay for a pair of boots, found the shop closed and the cobbler dead. A neighbour explained that his friends were upset at his death. "But you won't be," he added. "As a good Pythagorean, you know that he will live again." The customer went off, jingling his money pleasantly in his pocket; but his conscience worried him, as he went along; it persisted in repeating that for him the man was not dead, till he went back, and dropped the money for the boots in the keyhole. Seneca is eminently human, and quite unfairly treated by Macaulay in his essay on Bacon. It was sheer ingratitude, for the best of purple patches in that essay was suggested, we have little doubt, by Seneca's noble eulogy of literature in his treatise addressed to Paulinus. Mr. Holland has exhibited Seneca's own apology for the discrepancies between his life and his maxims, and provided an excellent account of his philosophy. As he justly remarks: "Stoicism in the centuries before Christ, was like a motor started but off the clutch. There is a great deal of potential energy, but being merely potential, it results in nothing but noise. Seneca supplied the clutch to Stoicism by applying it to the practical conduct of life, and he was followed in this work by Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius." But a slave and an emperor cut a more picturesque figure in the public eye than a statesman in easy circumstances. When he was exiled to Corsica by Claudius, Seneca did not find his philosophy very sustaining, and his 'Consolation to Polybius'—one of those freedmen who grew fat on the imperial system—is, as Mr. Holland says, unworthy of him, though doubtless a genuine work. He would have done anything in the way of flattery to get back to Rome; and he had his revenge on Claudius later in the curious parody of imperial apotheosis called the 'Pumpkinification.' To be mixed up with two such rulers as Claudius and Nero was more than most philosophers have had to endure. Tacitus has cynically dwelt on the little good done by those who played the noble Roman and were put to death. A man of Seneca's temperament was not made for martyrdom; but it does not follow that all his good advice is thereby stultified. We may remember that Horace has given the world one of the happiest expressions of the patriotism which makes the supreme sacrifice; and he was a lieutenant who left the field of battle in inglorious



circumstances. Mr. Holland has slipped, however, in crediting Horace with "Video meliora proboque, etc.," which comes from the 'Metamorphoses' of Ovid.

To the student of language, Seneca is particularly interesting, for he broke away from his father's old-fashioned views, and wrote a more natural, colloquial Latin, in which we can see the making of the modern Romance languages. When the youth in one of the dialogues of Erasmus declared that he had already spent ten years on Cicero, "in Cicerone," Echo answered in Greek, "You ass!" Seneca might have applauded the sentiment, for he knew that language must move with the times. A clever and learned writer, he owed some of his vocabulary to the study of poetry; but he was himself a successful innovator. He either invented, or introduced to decent literature, several new words which are in familiar use to-day. Quintilian, the Sainte-Beuve of his day, as Mr. Holland neatly puts it, criticised his style severely; and, like Ovid, Seneca is occasionally tedious in overdoing his theme and elaborating his verbal antitheses. But it is not necessary to suppose that a thing extra well said is commonly not worth saying, though a good deal of our modern prose might lead to that conclusion. Seneca was, as the elder Pliny said, "minime mirator inanium," the last man to be dazzled by empty stuff. The age was one of crude realism, and the recipients of the highest favour were in the position of Damocles, gratified with wealth and splendour, but terrified by the sword hanging over them. Seneca's generosity was proverbial, as well as his fine gardens; he was the intimate of such an expert in human wisdom as Montaigne; he was a master of epigram, yet essentially kindly; he was a pattern of domestic felicity; and he took a cold bath every day. Philosophers with such varied recommendations are rare.

#### POLITICAL SALAD.

The Banner. By H. F. Spender. W. Collins. 7s. net.

FIRST throw in lords and ladies, marquesses and countesses, Lord Edwards and Lady Ursulas, *ad libitum*. Then, add a dubious financier with a Hittite nose and his supposed daughter, who is lovely, and wears trousers and advanced views. Pour a little of the oil of love and a little of the vinegar of present-day politics; stir the whole gently, and you have a seller, a good modern political novel, at least in the opinion of Mr. Hugh Spender and his publishers. There is no plot or incident in the book, which is merely an account of a modern election, where the young woman carries The Banner of Youth to the head of the poll. The politics are a *réchauffé* of the stuff you may hear any Sunday in the Parks, or in some Socialist hall, and the love is as languid as Lord Edward, the hero and defeated candidate. We are left in doubt as to whether the financier with the Hittite nose is or is not a villain, and whether the beauty is or is not his legitimate daughter. Anyway, she does not marry Lord Edward, whom she defeats at the poll, and far more cruelly throws over for his elder brother, who is recovering from his wounds, and is heir to the marquessate—a very practical heroine, who deserves her success. We forgot, though Mr. Spender has not forgotten, that a dash of mysticism or spiritualism is quite essential to a political salad to-day. The heir to the title has a vision, and the daughter of Israel is in it. Clever girl!

#### MUSIC NOTES

THE ART OF MME. CALVÉ.—When a famous prima donna has done with the stage, there always remains a source of income for her in the concert platform, and naturally she will cling to the latter as long as her voice holds out. In one sense it is regrettable whenever a great artist "lags superfluous" upon the scene, though Adelina Patti was never an example of what is colloquially termed the "back number," any more than the venerable and glorious Sarah Bernhardt of to-day. It is well to remember two things: first, that those who have heard a fine singer in her prime will always enjoy listening to her, even when her voice has lost its freshness (Melba is another living case in point); and second, that

in the art of such a singer there survives a model of the rarest value to the rising generation of vocal students. Now Madame Calvé belongs to a *genre* of singer different from either Patti or Melba, and her art, to our thinking, has never been so easily separable from the atmosphere and the environment of the stage. Her voice, rich, penetrating, wonderfully controlled, capable of the most poignant dramatic feeling, was always most happily employed in the depicting of the deepest and most intense human emotions as embodied in the most picturesque and melodramatic of operatic heroines. It was for this reason that her Carmen was perhaps the greatest that has ever been seen—a rôle, by the way, in which neither Patti nor Melba succeeded. Who that saw Calvé's Carmen can ever forget the fascination of her early scenes with Don José, the fatalism of the card scene, the thrill of the death struggle outside the bull-ring? No one ever enacted these episodes as she did; no other Carmen's voice haunted you afterwards as did hers. It was for the same reason that no stage soprano ever made aught of—and only one or two even attempted—such a tremendous character as La Navarraise (in Massenet's opera of that name), which she created at Covent Garden, and she alone could render acceptable to the public. In her own line, therefore, Mme. Calvé was unapproachable, inimitable; and we say this partly for the benefit of those young writers who never saw her in the opera-house, and would now criticise her upon purely vocal grounds by what they hear her do at Queen's Hall. The thing is hardly fair—we mean the judgment of a great actress upon the concert platform, where the exercise of her *métier* is confined to a meaning glance and an occasional gesture, what time she is expected to sustain with the *beaux restes* of a unique voice the reputation of a great singer, which she never earned anywhere outside of the theatre. She never came here with pretensions as a concert artist; it is doubly hard for her to have to do so now. But she does not challenge comparisons. You must like her or dislike her, accept or refuse her, for what she is—Emma Calvé. Those who hear her voice for the first time may not care for its quality; they may find it a trifle thin, a shade acidulated in the head register, while yet beautiful and opulent in the medium and chest. But they should remember that it is a voice that has charmed and delighted thousands in its time, that is still capable of very exquisite and telling inflections; and then, what amazing clearness and purity of diction, what delicacy and grace of phrasing, what sense and subtlety of meaning, above all in a song that really suits the singer! Yes, say what one may, Mme. Calvé is still a wonderful interpreter, a supreme *débutante*, a delightful artist to sit and watch and listen to. Moreover, she is a great model, because there is now no one in her particular line who can in the smallest degree compare with her.

THE BRITISH MUSICAL CONGRESS.—There will be held in London during the first week in May an important Musical Congress, organised by the British Music Society, which promises to be full of interest and may possibly yield practical results of the highest value. It is generally recognised that the present time is a peculiarly fitting one for a general advance on the part of the forces identified with the cause of national musical art, and in this movement it seems quite natural that the B. M. S., which has already done some very useful spade work, should now lead the way. Of this society Mr. Arthur Balfour is the Patron, Lord Howard de Walden the President, and Dr. Eaglefield Hull the extremely able organiser and hon. secretary. The chief objects of the Congress are stated to be (1) to focus public attention on British music and musicians; (2) to unify and co-ordinate the musical efforts of the Empire; (3) to discuss musical reconstruction problems for town and country; (4) to provide opportunities for friendly intercourse and new alliances; (5) to stimulate international reciprocity in music; and (6) to raise a foundation fund of £15,000 for the society. The Congress opens on Monday, May 3, with a reception to be given to the members by the President at Seaford House, Belgrave Square. The functions of the week will include discussions and a conference at the Æolian Hall on various important musical subjects; orchestral, choral, and chamber concerts; performances of church music at the Westminster and Southwark Cathedrals; a reception at the Mansion House on the Wednesday afternoon, and a wind-up banquet at the Hotel Great Central on the Thursday evening.

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**EASTER CHORAL CONCERTS.**—There is welcome evidence of a revival of interest in choral music in the metropolis. It was pointed out long ago in the columns of the *SATURDAY REVIEW* that the cessation of the war would quickly bring about this result, thanks partly to demobilisation permitting the return of old, and the training of new, male choristers. The voice of the pessimist on this topic is dropping into silence; preparations are in progress for the revival of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace and other musical festivals; new choirs are springing up everywhere, and the prospects generally are most encouraging. In addition to the customary Good Friday performance of the 'Messiah' at the Albert Hall, a concert was given last week at the Central Hall, Westminster, by the London Choral Society, under Mr. Arthur Fagge, at which the greater portion of Bach's 'St. Matthew Passion' was sung—under conditions of some difficulty, it is true, but on the whole in very creditable fashion.

## THE MONTHLIES

The *NINETEENTH* introduces a causerie by Sir Lees Knowles, which rivals Mr. Frederic Harrison in dulness without having his excuse. Major Ross has an amusing article on 'Humour in the Irish Courts,' which avoids the old chestnuts and has one or two good new stories. 'Rowland Grey' follows the career of the governess in fiction from Miss Edgeworth to 'Les Anges Gardiens,' moved thereto by the coincidence of Becky Sharp and Jane Eyre being written at the same time. The Dean of Exeter has nothing fresh to say about John Wesley, and Mr. Allerott wants to put Stonehenge a thousand years later than the astronomer-archaeologists do. Labour, Home Rule, Foreign Politics, the Treaty, and Jutland make up a number which has surprisingly little literary interest.

The *FORTNIGHTLY* is largely written by hardy mensuals such as Mr. Frederic Harrison, Sir Thomas Barclay, Mr. John Pollock, Mr. Swift MacNeill, Mr. Marriott, and Mr. Hurd. Mr. W. W. Gibson has seven inoffensive sonnets, Mr. Travers a tale of the N.W. frontier of India, and Mr. Escott an amusing article on 'Social Queens under Three Reigns.'

*CORNHILL*, besides Mr. Vachell's story, has some interesting new matter as to the youth of Wordsworth, derived from family account books, and a quite good article on 'The Old Parish Schools of Scotland' by the Rev. Alex. Macrae. Mr. Candler follows up Stevenson's thoughts as to the unconscious workers in the background of consciousness, and Mr. Copplestone begins an amusing story.

The *LONDON MERCURY* has an unusually good selection of poetry this month. Mr. Tomlinson has a first-rate impressionistic sketch of the Thames foreshore, Sir George Henschel writes on 'Interpretation in Music,' an article which recalls to us many pleasant occasions on which he did admirable service to London music a score of years ago, and Mr. Squire criticises the lyrics of Mr. Robert Bridges with sympathy and justness. The article by Mr. Hilary Jenkinson on 'The Case for Records' is one by an expert, and consequently will receive no notice from people in authority. The way in which English records are treated is scandalous. Altogether this number is one of the best that have yet appeared.

The *NATIONAL* contains some varied reading. Lord Ampt-hill takes up the case of Gen. Shaw, made the scapegoat for the deaths in the Karachi train. Mr. Nabokoff writes on the new situation caused by the failure of the Russian movement against Lenin, and has some sensible remarks on its causes. Miss Pitt tells us of the stoat and discourses on the so-called winter change. Mr. Austin Dobson writes on the Abbé Edgeworth and his work under the Terror, and Mr. W. S. Sparrow tells the story of the Ninth Division in the fatal three days of March, 1918. An important article by Mr. Hoover on Poland is reprinted.

The *ANGLO-FRENCH REVIEW* opens with an article on the new Home Rule Bill by Lord Charnwood. The most amusing parts of the number are some discussions on Pussyfoot, which seem to have shifted their ground to ancient China, and a review by Mr. Walter Sickert in which he speaks frankly of Cezanne and his cult. Prof. Hamélius tells us much about Edmond Picard, one of the lights of Belgian literature; and there is a short story by the author of 'Colonel Bramble' describing the exit from a German watering place in July, 1914, on the outbreak of war. A very good number.

The *GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL* has in addition to Gen. Sykes's lecture on 'Imperial Air Routes,' and Capt. Keeling's account of his wanderings in his escape through Anatolia in 1917, a very interesting description of the rare map of the world by Joan Black in which its date and principal features are elucidated. The copy presented to the Royal Geographical Society is finer than that in the British Museum, and hardly any other complete copies are known.

In the *MERCURE DE FRANCE*, M. Vulliaud deals with the Shakespearean myth, ignoring only the later forms of hallucination. M. André Rouveyre writes of the last days of Moréas with a violence equal to that of the sketch with which he illustrates his note. The fiction is as good as ever.

## FICTION IN BRIEF

**HEARTS' HAVEN**, by Clara Louise Burnham (Constable, 6s. net) is an American story of old loves re-united, and the coming together of the second generation. Christian Science plays a considerable part in it, and everything works together for a happy ending. Saccharine, but not devoid of merit.

**THE SONG OF TIADATHA**, by Captain Owen Rutter (Unwin, 4s. 6d. net) tells in the measure of Longfellow the adventures of a "nut" in training, on the Western front, in Macedonia, and home on leave. Written in high spirits it achieves a success of real value.

**THE GODS OF MARS**, by E. Rice Burroughs (Methuen, 6s.). We are assured that Mr. Burroughs's books have an enormous circulation. Why, we cannot imagine. For unadulterated sensationalism they are hard to beat, and 'The Gods of Mars' is no exception to the rule. Here we have the ultra super-man John Carter, transported, Heaven knows how, to Mars, indulging in the most amazing adventures; in fact almost every page has some phrase of this sort, "Now my last moment has come, I must die bravely." But, of course, that is nothing, there are still apparently some more of these Martian books to appear, and who could relate them but John Carter? Astounding, too, is the gift among these people of inter-planetary conversation; the American language is spoken everywhere on Mars. No doubt this type of novel is read by a large number of people nowadays; personally we prefer either the old-fashioned Jules Verne or the more modern Mr. Wells.

**UNCLE LIONEL**, by S. P. Mais (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. net) is a story of married life of to-day as seen through the eyes of Uncle Lionel. Michael, the husband, is a uxorious weakling, and his wife Patricia is a greedy selfish hussy who richly deserves whipping. Michael goes through life attracting the pity and love of women, while Patricia commits adultery at her pleasure. The story is not a very interesting one, the situation is not new, and the writing is not very careful. Frankly, we do not see any reason for the book's existence.

**THE HOUSE OF DANGER**, by Guy Thorne (Ward Lock, 6s. net), displays the imagination of a child of seven when applied to mysterious castles with limestone caverns, hypnotism, drugs, immense fortunes, murders, and Egyptian draperies. With these properties a story of some 300 pages is built up.

**ORANGES AND LEMONS**, by Mrs. G. Wemyss (Constable, 6s. net) is a charming story of the rivalry between an uncle and an aunt for the love and care of their nieces. Mrs. Wemyss is one of our most original story-tellers, and we await with eagerness another book from the author of 'Impossible People.'

**STRINGS**, by Charlotte Mansfield (Westall, 7s. net) is a story of wild and wicked fiddlers and what they will do to attain power in their hellish art. Apparently two of the characters use their sweethearts in some way to complete their violins. The book will appeal to a public avid of hinted horrors.

**TWO SISTERS**, by R. H. Bretherton (Allen and Unwin, 7s. net) is the familiar contrast of the self-righteous and the prodigal, and of how their practice tested the value of their principles. It would be difficult to imagine the cruelty of the elder sister towards the younger if one did not know the power of self-deception English middle-class people possess. It is a powerful but painful book.

**PRESTIGE**, by J. A. T. Lloyd (Stanley Paul, 7s. net), is the story of a modern press monopolist. Several writers have tried their hand at it already, and Mr. Lloyd's attempt reads favourably beside any of theirs: he has a good knowledge of the "Building" from the inside, and has evidently got hold of the secrets of its success, which are in truth fairly simple. The book marks a decided advance upon 'The Uprooters,' and we recommend it heartily to our readers.

**SQUARE PEGGY**, by Josephine Oakham Bacon (Appleton, 7s. net) is a collection of American short stories of women in the richer classes of society, very well told. They are, of course, impossibly romantic, with happy endings and large incomes for everyone, but they are full of keen observation and sympathetic fun. We oughtn't to like them, but we do.

**JULIAN**, by Isabel C. Clarke (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. net) is the story of a lonely little girl, Eunice Dampier, with a terrible Anglo-Indian mother. She is taken up and cared for by a nice Roman Catholic family with two boys, Julian and Geoffrey, and the tale thenceforth is of her development and trials, the final redemption of her mother, and her conversion. It is an able piece of propaganda.

**PETER HYDE, M.P.**, by Paul Trent (Ward Lock, 6s. net) is the story of a Labour member, specially brought up to his work by an enthusiast, who is nearly ruined by having his eyes opened to the employers' side of the question, and by an engagement to the Prime Minister's daughter, but is preserved for his early love. The intention of the writer is to be commended.

**CLIPPER FOLK**, by Oswald Wildridge (Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net). We have already had the opportunity of commending some of these short stories of a vanished sea-life, as they came out in *Blackwood*, and can only repeat that they are first-rate pieces of work, full of the air of the sea, well devised and well written.

**THE ANCIENT ALLAN**, by Sir H. Rider Haggard (Cassell, 8s. 6d. net) reintroduces some of the characters of 'The Ivory Child.' Lady Ragnall, Allan Quartermain, and his faithful Hotentot Hans, are shown us in a previous incarnation by means of the mysterious Taduki, an ancient Egyptians, warring for the independence of their country against the Lords of the East. It is a very good example of the author at his second best—we can never hope to recover the first thrill of 'She.'



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# Vienna Emergency Relief Fund

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## The Appeal

December 16th, 1919.

"The distress in Vienna has reached such intensity that we venture to appeal to the spirit of humanity of the British people to provide immediate succour.

There is abundant evidence both official and other that the lack of food, warmth and clothing is causing death and permanent enfeeblement on an appalling scale.

The prospect of a city of 2½ million inhabitants being left without adequate means of keeping its women and children alive, or in health, must appeal to every human heart. The hospitals of Vienna have been reduced to the last extremity, and may at any moment be closed owing to lack of food, fuel, medical stores and appliances.

The funds will be applied to the most pressing and urgent needs so that this appeal will in no way interfere with the general appeal of the churches on behalf of the children of Europe.

It has the full sympathy and support of His Majesty's Government as is evidenced by the following letter from Earl Curzon of Kedleston, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:—

"I hasten to assure you of my complete sympathy with the proposal which you set forth.

"His Majesty's Government is fully conscious of the terrible destitution now prevailing in Austria, especially in the City of Vienna, and is carefully considering the steps which can best be taken for alleviating the prevailing distress.

"Meanwhile, any relief which can be provided from private sources will be of great help, and may be the instrument of saving many lives. The supporters of your scheme may accordingly be assured that they will be contributing to a humanitarian work of the greatest urgency and importance, which has the full sanction and approval of His Majesty's Government."

The advice and assistance of the International Relief Committee upon which the British Food Mission is represented and of Lt.-Colonel Sir Thos. Cunningham, British Military Representative in Vienna, have been secured. This will ensure that the funds are distributed without regard to creed or politics. The Bank of England has consented to act as Bankers, and the £1 for £1 Government grant which is available for this fund will be applied for as soon as the necessary conditions have been fulfilled."

HAIG, F.-M.  
CAVAN.

HORNE.  
F. MAURICE.

## The Result

As a result of the Appeal contributions in money and gifts in kind have been received amounting to £115,000, and with the Government grant of a like amount under the £1 for £1 scheme the total sum raised is £230,000.

The following purchases have been made and forwarded to Vienna:—2½ million tins of Condensed Milk, 115 tons of Dried Milk, 14 tons of Cocoa-Milk, 5000 gallons of Cod-liver Oil, 4,000 lbs. of wool, 80 tons of Soap. Purchases of Flour, Fats, Sugar, Rice, Fuel, etc., have been made by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas Cunningham, the British Military Attache, who is our representative in Vienna.

The Committee is now in

urgent need of a further

# £75,000

which, together with the Government grant of a like amount, will enable it to continue and complete its scheme for feeding the destitute nursing mothers and children of Vienna until July next.

To The Rt. Hon. F. Huth Jackson,  
Chairman, Vienna Emergency Relief Fund,  
12 Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C.2

I have pleasure in enclosing £ : s. d.  
as a donation for the Starving Women and  
Children of Vienna.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

Cheques should be crossed "Bank of England."

S.R.



## MOTOR NOTES

A Bank holiday visit to what should have been the first post-war race meeting at Brooklands track provided us with abundant evidence of the revived popularity of motor racing. Not that this sport, as served up at the Weybridge enclosure, was in danger of losing favour, but it is so long since it was possible to hold a meeting there that one was prepared for new impressions on this occasion. We travelled to Brooklands on Easter Monday on a two-seater light car, leaving town when, according to the clock, the meeting should have been half over. Directly we got on to the south-west trail, however, we found that there were multitudes of other belated enthusiasts obviously making for the same spot. Having survived the episode of a pedal cyclist applying his front brake on a greasy road and skidding to earth between our front wheels, we arrived in Weybridge town in the middle afternoon. The road approaching the entrance to Brooklands was certainly well policed, and one felt a sense of security in that one had an unblemished licence in one's pocket. The private road approaching the paddock teemed with motors of all sorts. Some of them were trying to get in, others, possessing greater knowledge than we did at the moment, were endeavouring to get out. There was, in fact, a crush which far eclipsed an Epsom street on Derby day. But good humour prevailed everywhere and eventually we penetrated to a spot where we felt it fairly safe to abandon the car and win through to the members' room on foot. As we passed under the arch which carries the track over the roadway, cars and motor-cycles thundered above our heads. The roar of deep throated exhausts immediately revived in us impressions pre-August, 1914, and as the racing path came into view we saw once more a small crowd of motors running almost neck and neck in the supreme endeavour of their drivers to make them do all they possibly could. But things were not what they seemed. As we rounded the corner of the Paddock, our passen-

ger gave vent to a polite exclamation, and pointed to the notice-board. There it was in huge white painted letters: "Racing postponed: Saturday at 2 p.m." Rather doubting the authenticity of this terse intimation, we sought out the Clerk of the Course. He assured us that the notice had not been there since before the war and did, in fact, reveal the prevailing state of affairs. We were disappointed, but not so much as certain famous racing men with whom we subsequently chatted. They had been told that owing to the wet weather the repaired track was unsafe for racing upon that day. Evidently, however, as some people remarked, it was quite safe for going "all out" upon in practice spins. The fact later transpired, however, that the storms which subsided just prior to our arrival had allowed the railway straight to drain off and thus ensure at least that safety which made it permissible for drivers to take machines round at their own risk. We saw a good many touring cars going round at a speed at which we should not have liked to travel in them. They comprised pleasure cars of all descriptions, even a big limousine trying its paces well up the banking. Having other engagements in town in the evening, we decided that three-quarters of an hour of this sort of spectacle was enough for the initial instalment. It took us quite another forty-five minutes to get clear of the enclosure, our only consolation during this time being that an eminent magneto maker, whose Rolls-Royce was in a far corner of the Paddock, found himself in more restricted quarters than we did. Let it not be inferred from this that chaos and bad management prevail at Brooklands. Restricted approaches to the track certainly are, but on this occasion there was a general dalliance which accounted for most of the obstruction, and good humour and a helping hand where required prevailed on all sides. The postponed race meeting is fixed for to-day (Saturday) and provided it is favoured with fair weather, no doubt will constitute a good augury for the first post-war season.

### THE SUPREME

# SUNBEAM

*Mr. S. F. Edge's opinion.*

*'I find* a smoothness and promptness and progressive development of pick-up unmatched by that of any car I can call to mind. . . . In fact I should characterise the car as one that can be driven by the most critical judge without a complaint of any single point of its functioning. . . . As a whole, I regard this 24 h.p. Sunbeam as a most notable addition to the world's powerful 6-cylindered cars, of which the Sunbeam Company may justly be very proud, and with which Sunbeam owners should not fail to be thoroughly satisfied.

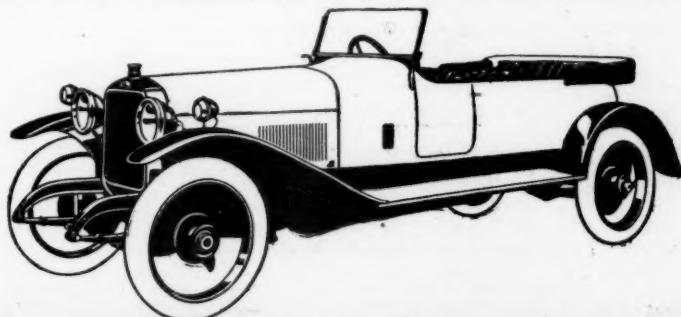
Mr. S. F. Edge, in the "Auto," 18th Dec., 1919.

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16 h.p. 4 cylinder chassis ...	£930
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24 h.p. 6 cylinder chassis	
with standard wheel base	£1215
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A Sunbeam-Contalén "Matabelé" engine was fitted to the motor boat which recently broke the world's record and attained a speed of 75 miles per hour.

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Owing to the special treatment now available, 175 babies were born in this hospital last year free of disease. Increased accommodation vitally necessary.

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It is made by the  
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—a milder blend

Both are sold everywhere at 1/1 per oz.

Tins: 2-oz. 2/2—4-oz. 4/4

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	10's	20's	50's	100's
MEDIUM	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
HAND MADE	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

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of Ex-Service Men are taken in full charge.

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*CONTRIBUTIONS will be gratefully received by the Hon. Chief Secretary, Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Church Army Headquarters, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, London, W.1. Cheques, &c., should be crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army."*

# The Saturday Review

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

The First Review (1855) is still the First (1920)

**O**WING to the difficulties experienced by many in obtaining copies of the "Saturday Review" at Newsagents and Bookstalls, we would urge the advisability of ordering copies in advance either locally or from this office (£1 8 2 per annum post free; £1 10 4 abroad.)

By doing so the public will assist the management considerably. Not only should our readers order the Review for themselves, but for others whose views coincide with that of the Paper. There never was a time when the services of such a publication were so necessary in the public interest, for the recent growth of newspaper syndicates renders it difficult to obtain free and frank criticism of current events in the most momentous years of our history.

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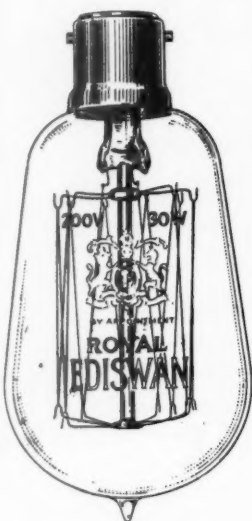
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## THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this Corporation was held on the 31st ult., at the chief offices, Hamilton House, Victoria Embankment, E.C.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Claud Hamilton, who presided, said he had again to submit a very excellent statement of the business done during the year. The premiums were £5,655,761, being an increase of £560,460 over those of 1918. Payments under policies were £2,671,595, or 47.2 per cent. against £2,068,782, or 40.6 per cent. The increase was only what might be expected having regard to the large increase of premium income in the last two years. Commission was £1,222,712, or 21.6 per cent. against £968,572, or 19 per cent. They included certain exceptional non-recurrent payments amounting to 1.6 per cent. of the premiums, the actual increase apart therefrom being 1 per cent. Expenses of management were £402,461 or 7.1 per cent., an increase of £90,419 or 1 per cent. This was in keeping with the increases existing in every necessity, and they must look forward to further increases of the same kind. The reserve for unexpired risks was £2,323,954, an increase of £239,535, and reserve for outstanding losses at December 31 was £1,889,292, an increase of £397,786. The total funds on December 31 were £4,213,246, or 74.5 per cent., showing a growth in the year of £637,321 or 4.3 per cent. In the opinion of the board, these funds constituted a full provision for the liabilities. The balance transferred from revenue account to profit and loss account was £745,947, a decrease of £4,071, but apart from exceptional charges the actual profit was considerably in excess of that of the preceding year. Adding to this balance interest and rents amounting to £200,473 (as against £144,470 in 1918), a total of £946,420 was made, from which must be deducted £267,571 for taxes, and £44,302 for miscellaneous charges, which left a balance of £634,547. The proposed final dividend was 26s. per share, making 40s. per share, free of tax, for the year, being equal to the paid-up capital; and in addition it was proposed to apply the balance of profit and loss account, £50,000, to add to the paid-up value of the shares. For 1918 the dividend was 28s. per share, free of income-tax. During the year they acquired the shares of the Merchants' Marine Insurance Company at £15 per share, and of the 50,000 shares of that company, all except twelve had been transferred to the Corporation at this price.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and subsequently resolutions were adopted sub-dividing each £10 share £2 paid into ten shares of £1, with 4s. paid; increasing the capital to £2,000,000 by creating 1,000,000 new shares of £1 each, and making certain changes in the Articles of Association, including the provision of authority to capitalise undivided profits or reserves.

## MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

### BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Drawings by Old Masters at Chatsworth, pub. £21, price £10 10s.; Victor Hugo's Works Edition de Luxe, 20 vols in 10 vols., half morocco, £6 6s.; Riccardi Press, Chauce. Canterbury Tales, 3 vols., £7 17s. 6d.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illus., £30; Cave's Ruined Cities of Ceylon, 1897, £3 3s. 0d.; George Eliot's Novels, 7 vols., half calf, gilt, £4 10s.; 19 Early Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, only 150 done, 35s. Oscar Wilde's Works, hand-made paper edition, very scarce, 14 vols., £25; Studio Magazine, 75 vols., in parts, £17 17s.; Balzac's Droll Stories, illus., 11s.; Salome, illus. by Beardsley, 11s.; Ballads Weird and Wonderful, with 25 drawings by Vernon Hill, 9s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symonds, large paper copy, 1905, £2 2s.; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21s. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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At the Piano - - - - - ELLA IVIMEY.

Chappell Grand Pianoforte. Tickets, 12s. 5s. 9d., 3s.

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## THE CITY

On the eve of the Easter holiday the markets could hardly make up their minds whether to be grave or gay, though there were unmistakable signs in several quarters that the depression of the latter part of March had almost passed. There was a distinct pause in the flow of new issues with just occasional attempts at individual hardihood. Now, however, with the renewed vigour imparted by a few days of relaxation, there is likely to be a renewal on the grand scale of the early months of the year of new flotations and capital reorganisation. Hardly a day passes without an annual meeting resolving to increase capital, and as a year at least must be allowed for all the companies to hold a meeting, the process of increasing capital is likely to go merrily on for some months to come. In the majority of cases it is just a matter of offering new shares to existing shareholders; but the minority of cases will go to public subscription, and added to the large number of brand new ventures, they will keep the new issue market going for a long time yet.

The annual report of the Refuge Assurance Company chronicles an increasing business and a prosperous year. Both the Ordinary and the Industrial Branches recorded very satisfactory increases of new business; indeed, the Ordinary Branch is growing so rapidly that in premium income it promises soon to be on a level with the Industrial Branch. The actual premium income of the Ordinary Branch for 1919 was £1,947,493, being an increase of £384,080 over that of 1918. In the Industrial Branch the premium income is now £2,913,382, representing an increase of £254,760. The annual valuation has been made on the very conservative basis always adopted, and the resultant surplus must be regarded as satisfactory. In the Ordinary Branch a bonus at the rate of £1 4s. has been declared. In view of the criticism regularly directed against the expense ratios of the companies transacting a large industrial business, the Directors are both bold and wise in drawing prominent attention to the increase in the expenses. The general increase in remuneration required by the cost of living is one of the factors, and another is the re-employment, at an uneconomic rate of absorption, of members of the staff returning from military service. These are no doubt temporary factors, but the Refuge is built on the big broad lines which outlive the passing phase.

Food at the Savoy has been a long way in advance of the Company's finances for some time, but the report just issued shows a remarkable change in the Company's position as a result of last year's operations. The trading profit reached £290,000 against £201,100 in 1918 and £178,100 in 1917. Including interest on investments and the amount brought in, there was a sum of £609,200 available for appropriation. No less than £308,300 was paid off various debentures and mortgages, with the pleasant result that the Company's annual standing charges are reduced by £24,000, almost equal to 4 per cent. on the Ordinary share capital as now increased. During the year the sale of the Grand Hotel at Rome was completed, and this enabled a sum of £423,751 standing to the credit of reserve and redemption amounts to be transferred and distributed. It is proposed to distribute £307,800 among the Ordinary shareholders in the proportion of share for share, and a further 6,720 Ordinary shares of £10 each are to be offered to provide capital for a laundry. Both the Ordinary and Preference £10 shares are to be converted into £1 shares, which will have the effect of making them more marketable, and as the interest on the Preference shares for 1917, 1918 and 1919 is to be paid, it would appear that the future of both classes of shares is brighter than for a long time past.

The underwriters of the Bristol Corporation issue of £750,000 6 per cent. stock, have been left with 28 per cent., and all things considered, have not come badly out of the deal. The recent Liverpool issue has

gone to a discount, and the prospects of municipal loans are somewhat doubtful. But that has not deterred those responsible for the issue of the Hertfordshire County Loan for £2,000,000. It will be noticed that the rate of interest offered is identical with the other two; but the price is £98 against par in the other cases. The amount is larger and the period of redemption is longer, being from 1940 to 1960. Government stocks are in a very parlous condition at the moment, but there is really no reason why municipal loans should be tarred with the same brush as national loans; indeed, they deserve the attention of those who in their investments would do anything for a quiet life.

Amalgamated Cotton Mills is a tender youth of some eighteen months, and though it started more or less with a silver spoon in its mouth in the shape of a capital of £600,000, it has grown at an almost alarming rate, till now it requires an increase in its capital from £2,300,000 to £7,300,000. It is still looking for other worlds, or rather other mills, to purchase, and there seems no end to its policy of absorption and consolidation. It may certainly be said that it has some first-rate mills which are in capable hands as regards expert management. On the increased capital raised from time to time the Company has received very substantial premiums and this enables the Company to distribute £2,250,000 in bonus shares to the holders of the £1,500,000 Ordinary shares. The balance of the new authorised capital will be required to pay for recent acquisitions. The Company has plenty of merit on its side, but the cautious must bear in mind that it must be influenced by the cotton position, the demand for such goods being at the moment exceptional, and also by prices.

The last few days have seen a whole crop of drapery reports for the past year, and they all tell the same tale of business expanding in a very remarkable manner. To stand for a few moments in certain parts of Oxford Street and witness the crowds which throng what one may term the drapery pavements, is a slight indication of the business transacted inside the big shops. To pause for a moment and gaze at some of the prices in the windows is sufficient to induce a silent prayer that the new earth may speedily pass away, and the old one with its cheapness and plenty soon return. The prices alone have given rise to the prevalent suggestion of profiteering on the part of drapers, and it is interesting to note the almost universal statement that increased profits are solely due to increased turnover, and that in fact gross profits have decreased. Thus the Bon Marché gross profit is 1.65 per cent. less than in 1918, and without descending to particular percentages, both D. H. Evans and Plummer Roddis, to name only two, state that the gross profit was less than in the previous year. There is certainly no indication and no likelihood at present of a reduced volume of business, and the profits of the drapery companies generally should be maintained during the current year.



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## MAPPIN AND WEBB, LTD.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Mappin and Webb, Ltd., was held on the 31st inst., at the Savoy Hotel, London, Mr. William Harris (the chairman) presiding.

The Chairman, who was enthusiastically received, said: It is nearly four years ago since I had the pleasure of meeting you, and I then had a very unpleasant task. Our circumstances were then not very brilliant, and we had considerable leeway to make up, but I told you not to lose hope, but to be of good cheer and to have faith in your directors. You were good enough to have and to show that faith, and it is a source of great gratification to me and to all your directors that your faith in us has been abundantly justified.

The balance-sheet we present to you to-day is the finest ever issued by the company. We propose to pay you the substantial dividend of 15 per cent. for the year, to transfer £20,000 to the reserve fund, to write £19,311 off the goodwill, and to carry forward to next year the sum of £26,683. This splendid result has been arrived at by the combined efforts of all our establishments in London, Sheffield, Paris, Rome, Nice, Lausanne, Johannesburg, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, and Montreal.

Our sales and our profits during the year 1919 exceeded all records, and we are yet far from the limits of our expansion. The higher prices now prevailing for goods accounts to some extent for our increase in sales, but making every possible allowance under this head our sales for the year 1919 were more than double the amount of our sales in any year before the war. Last year I ventured to predict that for the next four or five years the trade of this country would be phenomenal. My prediction has so far proved to be correct. South-East Lancashire, Huddersfield, Bradford, Birmingham, Glasgow, Belfast, Nottingham and Sheffield are overwhelmed with orders. In our own factory in Sheffield we have at this moment two years' work on hand. For some years our Royal Works at Sheffield were able to produce all the goods we required, but in recent years its output has been wholly inadequate to supply our rapidly expanding trade. We have, therefore, acquired in Queen's Road, Sheffield, a large plot of land, and on this site we are building what I should hope will be one of the most modern and efficient factories in this country, and which will have an output double the capacity of the Royal Works. We also propose to almost immediately rebuild the premises we have recently acquired in Oxford Street. When these rebuilding operations are carried out we shall have one of the most magnificent shops in London.

Under strong pressure we opened, a few months ago, a shop in Monte Carlo. It will please you to hear that this, our latest development, is doing exceedingly well. I believe in Monte Carlo we have one of the finest exhibitions of English goods in that part of the world. Our antique silver department continues to grow and prosper, and to contribute materially to our profits. We now have a magnificent collection of old silver, dating from the Elizabethan period, and well worthy of the inspection of anybody.

During the year we have largely extended our factories for the manufacture of dressing bags and leather goods of the highest quality, and for the production of high-class jewellery. Our business with hotels, restaurants, and steamship companies is progressing rapidly, and the new factory in Sheffield cannot be completed too early for us to fulfil the orders which are pouring in on us from the home market and from South America, South Africa, the East, Canada, and the United States of America.

The "Investments in Subsidiary Companies" now stand at £223,239, as against £195,511 at the end of 1918, an increase of £27,668. Our expansion in Canada alone would more than account for this increase. Stock-in-trade now amounts to £882,467, against £490,739, showing the large increase of £191,708. In view of our large turnover this increase is quite justified. Our plant, fixtures, and fittings have been reduced from £44,060 at the end of 1918 to £42,199 at the end of 1919, a reduction of £1,861, which is due to depreciation written off. Our leasehold premises, less mortgages, now stand at £198,177, an increase during the year of £39,097. The goodwill now stands at £149,311, a reduction of £10,000 compared with 1918. If you approve the recommendations we make this will be at once reduced to £130,000. The general reserve fund, £10,000, is a new and pleasing feature. If you approve the recommendations we make you to-day it will be at once raised to £30,000.

The profit for the year for branches and subsidiary companies is £148,887, against £112,031 in 1918, an increase of £36,856, which I trust you will regard as satisfactory.

We end the year with a balance of £90,407, and in the report we put forward our recommendations as to how that balance should be dealt with. I hope these recommendations will meet with your approval.

Mr. Walter J. Mappin seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman next proposed a resolution increasing the borrowing powers of the company to £750,000, which was seconded by Mr. Stanley A. Mappin, and unanimously agreed to.

On the motion of Mr. Gomme, seconded by Mr. W. Rice, a bonus of £6,000 was voted to the directors for their services during the past year, in addition to their ordinary remuneration.

The retiring directors and the auditors were re-elected.

## D. DAVIS AND SONS.

AT THE 31ST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of D. Davis and Sons, Limited, held at Winchester House, London, on Wednesday, Mr. A. Mitchelson (the chairman of the company), who presided, said the net profits for the year amounted to £248,915 and there was a carry-forward of £91,215.

Reviewing the events of the year, the Chairman said it had been a period of greatly increased difficulty and complexity. The net result of the Coal Industry Government inquiry was that the only material changes during the year in the reorganisation of the industry were the reduction of the working hours to seven and the increase of wages.

The effect of these two factors upon the output of coal and the cost of production had been exceedingly serious. It had, moreover, been greatly accentuated by a series of sectional strikes of miners in different parts of the country and by increased absenteeism. The most significant fact in connection with the decline of coal production was the serious drop in the output per man employed. Official figures showed that, although the number of men employed in the South Wales coalfield had increased from about 208,000 in January, 1919, to 239,000 in December, 1919, the output per man per month had decreased from 20½ tons to 15½ tons, which was a very heavy decline indeed. The output at Ferndale was actually 7,000 tons less in 1919 than in the previous year notwithstanding that there were nearly 1,300 more men employed. There seemed very little doubt that the principle of a high minimum wage was fundamentally unsound, as tending to the diminution of output, and he earnestly hoped that whatever new arrangements might be made as the outcome of the present demand for increased wages, they might be based on the principle of payment by results. The offer of the Government to the miners was, in his view, a generous one, and he hoped it would be accepted. That the men should be in a position to earn good wages was in itself desirable, provided there was a commensurate return in the shape of output, for the greater the production the better it would be for the workmen, for the industry, and for the consumer. The financial control of the industry during the past year had been of the most chaotic character, and this state of uncertainty had resulted in the suspension of expenditure on extensions and improvements estimated to approximate £60,000,000. Notwithstanding the many difficulties which had been experienced, he trusted that the time might soon come when the industry would be relieved from the hampering restrictions of bureaucratic control and the freedom of private enterprise restored. He was happy to acknowledge at this time distinct signs of improved relations between employers and workmen, and he hoped that a spirit of friendly co-operation might take the place of strife, and he referred to what had been done by the company in regard to the social welfare of the workmen.

In conclusion, the Chairman referred to the resignation of Mr. Peter Haig Thomas as director, owing to pressure of other engagements, and that the board had unanimously elected Mr. D. R. Llewellyn to fill the vacancy.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Major F. S. Cartwright, the report of the directors and statement of accounts were adopted and the payment of the dividends confirmed.

Mr. D. R. Llewellyn, Mr. H. Seymour Berry and Sir Leonard W. Llewellyn, K.B.E., were re-elected directors.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Company were re-appointed auditors, and the proceedings concluded with a cordial vote of thanks to the officials and staff for their services during a year of complexities and difficulties.

## WELSH NAVIGATION STEAM COAL.

AT THE FOURTEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Welsh Navigation Steam Coal Company, Limited, Mr. Archibald Mitchelson, chairman of the company, who presided, said that operations on the property of the company were commenced about twelve years ago, and until to-day no dividend had been declared on the Ordinary capital. This, he said, was a striking illustration of the risks taken by capital in a highly speculative industry. Large sums had been expended over a long period of years without any return whatever to the people who had found the money. The chairman afterwards drew attention to the increase of capital made in March last year, which involved an issue of 40,000 Ordinary shares of £10 each, which were distributed in the form of a bonus to the shareholders of D. Davis and Sons, Limited. The dividend which it was proposed to declare that day fully justified that distribution. After a somewhat prolonged period of difficulties and delays they were beginning to derive the fruits of their efforts and patience, and there was every reason for looking forward to increased success.

On the proposition of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. H. Seymour Berry, the directors' report and statement of accounts were adopted.

Mr. D. R. Llewellyn, Major F. S. Cartwright and Sir Leonard W. Llewellyn, K.B.E., were re-elected auditors.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Company were re-appointed auditors and the meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the officials and staff.